

# The Musical World.

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## GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—  
How—this little book will tell.

IX.

\* \* \* \* \*

X.

Why are the people thus driving and bawling? They seek for a living.  
Seek to get families, then—feed them as well they can.  
Trav'ler remark them well, when at home do exactly as they do,  
Man can never do more, let him attempt as he will.

J. O.

## PUNCH AND THE MUSICAL CRITICS.

OUR friend *Punch* has turned tail upon us, and gone over to the ranks of our enemies. We are sorry for this. We regarded *Punch* as our champion, and could afford to pocket the jokes of the "fast men" who contribute to the *Man in the Moon* and the *Puppet Show*. We consoled ourselves with the certainty that *Punch* would refrain from joining in the warfare made against keys and musical technicalities in general. But, alas! we were deceived. *Punch* has levelled his wit against us, in his last number. It is true he has missed fire; but that must be attributed to our own wariness, not to his unsteadiness of aim. We knew that the instant our article upon Jenny Lind appeared, *Punch*, who is the "Nightingale's" most devoted servant, would be at us; and so we kept out of the way for a week, and *Punch's* shot was fired into empty air. But to show the danger we have escaped we shall present our readers with an impression of the intended "smasher" taken in wax; they will at once perceive that had we been hit we must inevitably have been annihilated. We must add that some of the stray shots that were intended for ourselves chanced upon the head of our learned contemporary *The Post*, and so *Punch* hit a friend instead of an enemy; he aimed at a pigeon and shot a crow; for it is needless to suggest that *The Post* is as warm an adherent of the "Swedish Nightingale" as *Punch* himself; only *The Post* uses court plaister, while *Punch* employs laughing gas. Here is the "smasher" we have escaped:—

"THEY WON'T BE QUIET."

"Judging by the papers, our friends, the musical critics, evidently intend to be the death of us. A year ago they nearly killed us with their learning, and their elaborate exposition of A, with its corresponding semitones, forming a major fifth with a minor fourth, and being equivalent to an octave and a half of the diatonic scale, with eight sharps in the bar, and a flat on the fourth crotchet. We did survive all this erudition, somehow or other, but now we are about to be morally assassinated in another way, and the first blow that has been struck at us consists in the announcement that 'Tamburini's voice proved itself, at a recent concert, exactly what it used to be in his youngest and best days.' Now we don't deny the justice of comparing Tamburini's voice to what it was in his 'best'

days, but if it is like what it was in his 'youngest' days, he must have had, for a new-born baby, one of the most astounding baritones ever listened to. Our experience of infant vocalisation leads us to believe, that any one's voice, in his youngest days, is a somewhat disagreeable compound of the creaking of a door and the whining of a cat; but, if the critic is to be believed, Tamburini came into the world troling out *Largo al Factotum*, or thundering forth *Non piu Andrai*, with all the force he ever in his best days was known to throw into them."

Now it is necessary to explain to our musical readers, who will be rather puzzled to find out, where the joke of this paragraph lies. We should rather say jokes, for there are two—the first esoteric, the second exoteric, as Aristotle and Albert Smith have it. First for the joke esoteric—Read the passage in italics once more:—

"Their elaborate exposition of A, with its corresponding semitones, forming a major fifth, with a minor fourth, and being equivalent to an octave and a half of the diatonic scale, with eight sharps in the bar, and a flat on the fourth crotchet."

A is a key, and when the musical critic has to speak of a piece of music written in the key of A, he is compelled, by the narrowness of his vocabulary, to say that it is "in A." But the wit of *Punch* consists in this—that when *Punch* reads an article from the pen of a musical critic which speaks of a piece of music written in the key of A, he (*Punch*) says of the musical critic (with stinging sarcasm) that he (the musical critic) talks of "something in A;" or if in a mood of hyper-jocularly, "something in Z." And here the readers of *Punch* must laugh. But in the prose-epigram which we have reprinted, *Punch* has multiplied his wits into a high figure, and in order to completely smash the *Post*, he launches out into an ocean of ridicule, wherein he contrives very adroitly to drown himself. In other words, he purposely utters outrageous nonsense to shew that the *Post* is talking about what he does not understand, and successfully manages to prove that he is himself in the same position. Thus—the "elaborate exposition of A" is nonsense; "its corresponding semitones" is nonsense; "forming a major fifth" is nonsense; "with a minor fourth" is nonsense; "being equivalent to an octave and a half of the diatonic scale" is nonsense; "with eight sharps in the bar" is nonsense; and "a flat on the fourth crotchet" is nonsense, nonsense pure and unadulterated—nonsense such as never was written, or could have been written, even by *Punch's* friend, "Jenkins" of the *Post*. But the admirers of the "fast men" (who have sprung from the loins of *Punch*) are eclectics—in other words, they have a large swallow, and so they swallow nonsense for wit and balderdash for humor.

The joke exoteric has the distinction of being easier understood; it needs only be cited to be recognized instantan as a joke so thoroughly bad that it would have been rejected by the *Man in the Moon*, or the *Puppet Show*—we may even venture to say by the writers of the "Physiologies" themselves. The ingenuity of the joke consists in the fact of inter-

preting "Tamburini's youngest days" (which, of course, was meant by the critic as the youngest days of that accomplished artist's musical career,) into the days when he swung in his cradle or squalled in his mother's arms. Bravo! *Punch*—nothing can possibly be worse.

Next week we shall have "a go" at the painters, attempted after the style of *Punch*. But are we not the "sons of burnt fathers," to dare to interfere with the Sultan in his own harem, to poach on *Punch's* estate?

#### MADAME TADOLINI.

[We are indebted for the following to a correspondent, and trust that the issue may justify all the fine things he adduces of Madame Tadolini.—Ed.]

As this eminent singer will make her appearance within a few days for the first time before a British public, and as the greatest curiosity prevails amongst the musical world as to the merits of an artist whose reputation is so familiar by report, we think the following catalogue will be found interesting. It is the list of the operas expressly composed for Signora Tadolini by the most celebrated of the more recent composers of Italy.

I Due Sergenti .....	Milan.....	Ricci.
La Festa della Rosa.....	Vienna.....	Coppola.
Giovanni I di Napoli.....	Turin.....	Ditto.
Le Due Illustri Rivali.....	Venice.....	Mercadante.
Il Bravo.....	Milan.....	Ditto.
Francesca Donato.....	Naples.....	Ditto.
Mortedo.....	Ditto.....	Capecelatro.
La Prima Donna.....	Vienna.....	Salvi.
Caterina Howard.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.
Linda di Chamouni.....	Ditto.....	Donizetti.
Maria di Rohan.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.
Erno.....	Naples.....	Battista.
Alzira.....	Ditto.....	Verdi.
La Fidanzata Corsa.....	Ditto.....	Pacini.
Stella di Napoli.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.
Bianca Contarini.....	Milan.....	Rossi.
La Figlia di Figaro.....	Vienna.....	Ditto.
Veleda.....	Milan.....	Boniforti.
Giovanni di Fiandra.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.
Il Campo di Crociate.....	Milan.....	Mercadante.

The last opera in this list, expressly written by the celebrated composer, Mercadante, was on the very eve of performance when the revolution broke out at Milan. In the first hour of the intestine war the great theatre of La Scala was closed, and the edifice of the Conservatoire of Milan, the most celebrated musical institution of Europe, was riddled by cannon balls. With great difficulty were saved the fair pupils of the establishment.

The following is an extract from a letter from the political correspondent of the "Times," in Italy, dated 26th of March last; it is the best description that can be given of Madame Tadolini, although only appearing incidentally amongst more important matter:—

"Madame Tadolini, who, for the first time is about to appear in London, I am sure will become a great favorite, as she possesses all qualities necessary to captivate an English audience. She is inclined to *embonpoint*, but she is very handsome on the stage, with dangerous eyes—the whitest shoulder in the world—and a sense of enjoyment in her acting, which your audience will not be able to resist. Tadolini's voice is a clear *soprano-mezzo-soprano* in its richest quality, with an intonation that approaches, when necessary, to the *contralto*. It is as clear as a bell, round, full, and sonorous, perfectly flexible and capable of all those modulations which a great artist like her dashes off, but which are so painful and difficult to thinner voices, and less qualified science. I heard the prima donna to great disadvantage, as she disdained to sing to an empty house (from political excitement), and used merely one half of her powers. Her acting was equally restrained, but the inward spirit could not be altogether subdued, and she occasionally broke forth into silvery and impassioned notes, and abandoned herself to that natural gaiety of song that rendered her in the scene the most captivating of coquettes. Had Tadolini known that the *Times* has ears everywhere, she might have exerted herself to please them; but criticism has art and judgment, and though

she sung at *mezzo voce*, it was not difficult to prognosticate complete success for her at Her Majesty's Theatre."

We shall have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the critical acumen of the political correspondent.

#### MEMOIR OF MR. ALLEN.

(From the Manchester Dramatic and Musical Review.)

MR. ALLEN may be said to have been a vocalist from his cradle. His father and mother sang—although they had little reason to be cheerful, being victims of the consequences of the Irish Rebellion, in money matters and station. Mr. Allen began his studies in music at the age of eight years, under the tuition of Mr. Shaw, a well known and respected professor, in Cork. This Mr. Shaw having heard the little Allen sing accidentally, and being an old chum and companion of the child's maternal grandfather previous to the rebellion, gave him lessons daily for eight years. His singing attracted crowds to the parish church of St. Peter, in Cork, every Sunday for several years. In short, he was known only by the name of *Braham*, and was familiarly called Braham by every one. At the age of 14, he became apprenticed to Mr. Bowden, of Cork, and under him studied the pianoforte and violoncello, and the first principles of composition. At the age of 18, he accepted the place of tenor singer at the Cathedral at Cork. His singing gave promise of what he now is; and being a favorite of Bishop Burrows, then Dean of Cork, he was permitted to leave his duties to visit London in order to hear the best artists in the profession he had adopted. He came highly recommended to several families in London. He was introduced to the noble directors of the Royal Academy of Music, by his friend, Mr. William Bell, then honorary secretary to that institution. He sang for them. They saw so much promise of success, that they offered him board and lodging and to complete his musical education—*GRATIS*. He did not accept this unlooked-for offer until he got his friend the Dean's permission to do so. This same Dean Burrows prophesied Allen's success when he applied for leave to visit London. He said "Allen, you will be a great loss to my choir, I foresee; for, if you are heard sing in London, you will not return to me." Allen soon after entered on his studies at the Royal Academy, and became an esteemed singing master and favorite concert singer. His first essay on the stage was in the characters of *Basilio*, and *Don Curzio*, in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, when that opera was first performed by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. In these characters, young as he was, he displayed natural talents for the stage,—so say the London papers of that day. After five years' practice as a teacher of singing in London, he went to Italy, in company of his friend and last singing master, Vaccaj, the composer. He here became known to the first people in the profession—to Pasta, Malibran, Donizetti, and in Paris, to Rossini, who wished him to go back to Italy instead of prosecuting his journey to England (he was then on his way home, owing to family reasons,) where he became acquainted with the accomplished Bellini, to whom he is indebted for the manner in which he sings that favorite composer's inspirations, *Sonnambula*, *Pirata*, *Puritani*, &c. &c. Soon after his return to England, he made his *debut* at the English Opera, in the character of *Elvino*, in *Sonnambula*, with decided success. He also performed, during the short season, in *Fidelio* with equal success; yet, how different the character of the music! Mr. Allen's voice is said to be small in volume; the truth is, voices are not generally understood:

they are as varied as the wind instruments of an orchestra. Now, who would think of saying that Mr. So-and-so's tone on the viola "is small," because the same musical phrase may be played much louder on the violoncello? So with voices; they should be judged by the *quality* of their tone, not their *force*. Mr. Allen's voice is of the *mezzo carrattere*, a high tenor, and therefore lacks that volume which we have heard in the *tenor serio*—such as Braham and Donzelli. Mr. Allen's voice is of the Rubini *genera*, and, like his, is flexible and passionate. Critics do not always consider when they hear voices of more volume than Mr. Allen's, that the music is transposed a third lower to suit their compass, thereby destroying the effect of many compositions written expressly for such voices as Allen's;—witness the havoc made in the *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, &c., by some tenor singers, on that account.

But to our subject. Mr. Allen in 1839 or 1840 stepped on the stage of Old Drury in the character of *Don Ottavio*, in *Don Giovanni*. This part was put into his hands at the last rehearsal of that opera on the Saturday immediately preceeding the opening of the theatre for the season on the following Monday. He rehearsed it at *sight*, and played it with ultimate success. During this season he appeared frequently in *La Sonnambula*, and other operas; and was the original *Arnold*, in *Guillaume Tell*. About this time, he married the daughter of a surgeon in good practice in London. Mr. Allen now abandoned the stage for nearly three years, and resumed his profession of a teacher of singing. He was then induced to join the company at Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. Macready. Everybody knows the effect in the part of *Damon*, in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*; afterwards playing the part of *Acis* with, if possible, greater *clat*. He played the tenor characters in the plays of Shakspeare, then so beautifully got up by Mr. Macready, and delighted his hearers not only by his singing, but by his *reading* of the immortal bard's poetry. We will instance only his singing of "Under the greenwood tree," and "Blow, blow thou wintry wind." He played about this time, *Albert*, in *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Phaon* in *Sappho*. On the breaking up of the Drury Lane establishment—i. e., the retirement of Macready from the management, Mr. Allen was engaged at the Princess's theatre, where he stayed two years, playing the round of the Italian opera. Mr. Allen has since performed in the most opposite parts, in operatic tragedy and comedy, viz., in *Othello*, *Anne Boleyn*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *I Puritani*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Sappho*, *Don Juan*, *Maritana*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Der Freischutz*, *Syren*, *Barcarole*, &c. The public of Manchester have had opportunities of hearing Mr. Allen in some of these operas, and of making comparisons to the credit of the subject of this memoir.

## SONNET.

NO. LXXXIV.

THE Past is always glad, unless some crime  
Hath sullied it; the joys it made us know  
Shine in the distance with a deeper glow,  
Deck'd with new brightness by the hand of time.  
The sorrows of the Past become sublime:  
The artist-hand of Time hath made them so,  
By blotting out the meaner side of woe,  
And showing heights which we had power to climb.  
The Past is the great Syren, who can charm  
Our ear with sorrowful or joyous song.  
We listen and forget our highest goal:  
We smile and weep, and all for our own harm,  
With thought less grasping, and with soul less strong,  
While seas of sweet, sad dreams, submerge the soul.

N. D.

## ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 291.)

## CHAPTER XXIII.

I. WITH respect to that *poetic art* which is narrative and imitative in metre (a), since the fables *here*, as in tragedies, ought to be dramatically composed, and since it is concerning one entire and perfect action with a beginning, a middle, and an end, so that like an entire animal it may produce its own pleasure (b);—it is manifest that this art is not like common history, which necessarily sets forth not one action, but one time, and all the events which within that time occurred to one person or more, and which have but a casual relation to each other.

II. For, in the same manner as the sea-fight at Salamis, and the battle of the Carthaginians in Sicily happened at the same time, without at all conducing to the same end, so also in successive times one thing sometimes follows another without any one end being produced by them.

III. Most of the poets *also* do this. Hence, as we have already said, Homer in this also appears divine beyond the rest, that he attempts neither to represent the whole war, although it has a beginning and an end, for it would be very long and not easily comprehended in one view, nor to moderate it in point of dimensions, when it is so involved by its variety (c). Instead of this, selecting one part of the war, he has employed many episodes, as the catalogue of the ships, &c., by which he diversifies the poem. The other poets make their poems on one man and relative to the same time, and one action consisting of many parts, as the author of the *Cypriacs* and of the little *Iliad* (d).

IV. Therefore, from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, only one or two tragedies—that is from each—is taken, but many from the *Cypriacs*; and from the little *Iliad* more than eight, as—The Contest for the Armor, Philocletes, Neoptolemus, Eurypylus, Beggary, the Lacedæmonian Women, the Fall of Troy, the Return of the Fleet, Simon, and the Trojan Women (e).

## NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(a). Having disposed of the subject of tragedy, Aristotle now proceeds to the consideration of the Epic poem.

(b). This simile of an animal is introduced to express that organization which is necessary to every work of art. A work of art must be many and yet one, that is to say, the various parts must be united in one entirety. In nature no doubt all things are according to one idea or plan, but this is not obvious, and many of the phenomena seem to a mere spectator completely independent of each other. In the work of art on the other hand, the parts should be visibly rendered subservient to one particular purpose, and all that is not necessary should be omitted. Hence, in an earlier part of this work, Aristotle objects to the introduction into poetic art of such events as have no further connection than that they happened to one man. This may be called the natural connection as distinguished from the artistical, and with a fine perception of character, the distinction might decrease to a considerable degree. Tragedy however, according to Aristotle's view, is confined to the treatment of one action, and hence the limit between the rejected and the adopted incidents may be rigidly defined. The reference to common history will illustrate the distinction between the artistic and the merely natural connection of events.

(c). Homer might have committed two faults: he might have treated the whole war in full detail, and produced a tedious work, of which it would have been impossible to apprehend the unity; or he might have crowded the leading events together, which would have resulted in perplexity. A very short historical abridgment will give an instance of this last sort of difficulty. Both faults are avoided by Homer.

(d). A continuation of Homer's *Iliad* by a later hand.

(e). This section is spurious, and the statement that so few tragedies are taken from Homer's two poems is untrue.



## ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert took place on Wednesday, under the direction of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. A better programme could hardly be provided: and here we agree entirely with the writer in the *Times* of Thursday, who observes that "If the desirable system of one irresponsible directorship were adopted by the leaders of these venerable entertainments, there can be little doubt that the office would be unanimously vested in His Royal Highness Prince Albert, whose taste and research are equally to be admired." We most cordially respond to these sentiments. Prince Albert is a musician at least in feeling, and whenever the concerts have been submitted to his direction, the programme has invariably evidenced taste and judgment. On the present occasion we have scarcely one item to find fault with. The first part was entirely devoted to Beethoven's Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. It was given for the first time at these concerts in its entirety and its integrity. The principal vocalists were—Madame Castellani, Miss Birch, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Signors Tamburini and Gardoni. The performance was in every respect admirable, and Mr. Lockey deserves a strong word of eulogy for undertaking, at a very short notice, the part of Mario, who was prevented from attending by indisposition, a printed notice having been circulated through the room to that intent. Mr. Lockey sang the parts allotted to him with excellent taste and judgment. The band and chorus were much better than usual.

Part second commenced with a chorus from Handel's opera, *Agrippina*; a composition which had more than novelty to recommend it to public approval. The chorus is replete with fire and energy, and was given with *gusto*. After the chorus Alboni sang a very beautiful aria, "Paga fui," from Winter's *Proserpina*, which she delivered with the utmost purity of voice, and the most exquisite feeling. A more perfect specimen of finished vocalization and pathetic singing we never heard. The Queen immediately commanded a repetition of the air. Martini's *Cosa Rara* furnished a very fine sestet, which was heard for the first time at these concerts. It was splendidly sung by Castellani, Alboni, Mr. Lockey, Gardoni, Lablache, and Tamburini. The next item was a novelty of another kind. It was an old Welsh ballad, with English words, "Strike the Harp," taken from the third volume of Mr. Parry's excellent compilation of Welsh melodies. It was delivered in a most impressive manner by Mr. Lockey, and the addition of the accompaniment of two harps, and the full chorus, had a happy effect. Mozart's fine duet from the *Seraglio*, "Nel sposare," was capitally sung by Gardoni and Lablache; and Tamburini gave a sparkling romanza of Gretry's, from the *Anacreon* with much quaintness and spirit. A trio from Paisiello's *Nina*, a very smooth and captivating composition, was sung with much effect by Miss Birch, Gardoni, and Lablache. The performance concluded with the finale to the first act of the *Nozze di Figaro*, the solo parts being taken by Madame Castellani, Miss Birch, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Kench, Lablache and Tamburini. This constituted a splendid climax to the best programme we remember for many years. All the Court was present.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Sonnambula* was repeated on Saturday, to a full house. Jenny Lind was in better voice than on the Thursday previous, which made itself favorably apparent in the *cavatina* "Come

per me sereno," and in the *finale* to the first act. The second act created a greater *furor* than ever, a *furor* which the pen lacks ink to describe. Of a surety, no artist ever had more enthusiastic and devoted admirers than the Nightingale of Stockholm, or more clamorous and persistent. The curtain fell after the "Ah! non giunge," in the midst of a hurricane of applause, and rose again for the encore amidst a whirlwind of cheers, and descended once more amidst a monsoon of acclamations. Then came the "Nightingale" forward, and fluttered and looked 1,000,000 thanks, and retired, and came forward again and fluttered and looked 1,000,000 more; and the stage was strewn with flowers that would fain have been alive to look at all these fine doings, but were dead alas—killed by the ardent breaths of the much excited mob. Such sights we have seen before—often.

The *ballet* was the *divertissement* of which we have erewhile spoken in terms of befitting courtesy; but we must write down the pretty names of Carolina Rosati, and Marie Taglioni, and Fanny Cerito, a very trinity of twinkling feet and bending forms and sweetest faces, who did themselves credit on the occasion—no trifling matter—for the mere pleasure of writing them down.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated. Poor Cruvelli, who has been for a time snuffed out by the "nightingale, re-kindled on this night, and sang her very best; and the audience, recognising the charming creature who had enlivened the dull evenings of the sleepy anti-Easter season, applauded her out of sheer gratitude; we were glad to see this, and joined heartily in the applause too, for we like not to forget old friends. Gardoni, too, sung beautifully, and Lablache stalked about like a haughty and stupendous duke; and Madlle. Schwartz, whose voice is getting more used to our uncourtly climate, sang with rich *gusto*, and was encored in the "Brindisi," and deserved the encore—which we mention because *all* the encores awarded at this theatre, and at other theatres, are not invariably deserved; but the intelligent, pretty pale faced German maiden, the *contralto* whom Alboni always praises so highly, *did* deserve the encore, and more-over deserved the mention of it at our hands. The opera went off with spirit, with great spirit—perhaps with too much noise. We shall not mention the encores and re-calls, &c. in detail. The rest of the history of the first part of this evening is it not chronicled in the *Post* and posted in the *Chronicle*?

But Perrot deserves a paragraph to himself. Who was not delighted to welcome once more Perrot, to whom Mr. Lumley's unrivalled *ballet* owes more than half its glory—the instructor of the divine Carlotta, and the author of the *Esmeralda*? Perrot made his *rentrée* in the *Alma*—another of his works—and thus we had the triune pleasure of seeing Perrot, of admiring Cerito in one of her most enchanting creations, and of hearing Mr. Costa's delicious music, somewhat damaged, however, by curtailment. Perrot is looking as well as ever, and as young—acting better than ever, and dancing (although he professes to have abandoned dancing in the strictest sense of the act) as no other man can, ever could, or possibly ever will dance. His reception was right hearty. The *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre owe a large debt to Perrot for pleasures past, and the applause bestowed upon him was as much as to say, "Thank you for *Esmeralda*—for *Alma*—for the *Pas de Quatre*—for the *Pas des Elemens*—for the *Pas des Déesses*—for CARLOTTA GRISI, and for many other charming things too numerous to mention; and, above all, thank you for coming back to us to-night, and for the promise we see half hidden in your intelligent physiognomy to break

your engagement with the *Theatre de la Nation*, and come again next year." This was all intended in the applause bestowed, and never was acknowledgment of merit more justly awarded. The delicious *Pas de Fascination*, one of Perrot's *chefs-d'œuvre*, was received with all its olden honors. It was done to perfection: and how, with Perrot and Cerito, could it be otherwise? Perhaps Cerito never looked more Hebe-like, or danced with more irresistible abandon and ineffable grace. She is the very Mænad of the dance—the true Bacchante; though she does not, as Shelley has it,

"Shake wide her yellow hair,"

but wears it in bands, close kissing her comely well-shaped head. The rest of the ballet was good. But Perrot was the hero of the night, and the heroine was Fanny Cerito. To them all the honours!

On Thursday, an extra night, the theatre was filled to the roof. The attraction was Mdle. Jenny Lind, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Maria is, in our opinion, one of Mdle. Lind's best parts, and in our opinion (which is against that of the majority), *La Figlia* is one of Donizetti's best operas. Last year, we set forth the merits of this opera at large, together with those of Mdle Lind's performance as Maria. It is therefore enough now to state generally, that in many passages of the opera, we consider that her singing cannot be surpassed; as examples, take the *largo* and *rondo* of the last scene; the former is admirably pathetic, and the latter carries the brilliant style of vocalization—where force, rather than neatness of execution, is demanded—to its furthest limits. The first act offers fewer opportunities of effect, and we do not entirely partake of the *furor* excited by the "Caffarelli" travesty. The "Rataplan" would please from any singer's mouth; but we confess to see nothing particularly wonderful in Mdle. Lind's walking across the stage, jerking her arms the while as though she was beating an imaginary drum, which has been exalted to the skies as a marvellous point of dramatic interest. Mdle. Jenny Lind's conception of the *Vivandiere* however, is very good, but her acting wants breadth and vigor; there is too much of the "stand off—don't approach me," which appertains to the fine lady, too much of the affected *reserve* that belongs to the old maid of puritanic manners. Mdle. Lind wants heartiness: she treats her lover as though he were something to avoid rather than to caress, and thus deprives the scene of all *vraisemblance*. Surely Gardoni is not so ill-favored that Mdle. Lind should be as shy of him as if he were a crocodile; on the contrary, he has been styled "the handsome Gardoni," and his good looks and pleasant exterior justify the appellation. But a truce to conjecture; it is enough that Mdle. Lind's singing in the *Figlia* is generally speaking a finished piece of art, equal to any thing in the same line we have heard for many a day by-gone. It excited the usual sensation, and another "Lind-furor," though not so unruly and uproarious as that of Saturday night, was the consequence. We shall not essay another description.

Gardoni's Tonio is a very natural piece of acting, and we doubt if any tenor could be found to sing the music with more grace and *esprit*. F. Lablache's Sulpizio is one of his best performances, both vocally and dramatically.

The opera went off with great *éclat*. There were several encores and applause without bounds. Balfe—to whose steady and careful *baton* Mdle. Lind cannot be too grateful, since it admits of all her capricious variations of *tempo* and indefinite prolongations of the length of bars—kept his band and chorus together as well as mortal conductor could effect.

Alma, with Perrot and Cerito, made an agreeable climax to an evening of some excitement.

Tadolini has arrived, and will shortly make her *début* in *Linda di Chamouni*, an opera in which she has gained much of her celebrity. We have seen a portrait of this lady, which if she resemble, she must needs be a buxom well-looking dame, comfortable to contemplate.

Mr. Reeves (we repeat it in the face of contradiction) is engaged by Mr. Lumley, and will appear in *Lucia* either with Mdle. Lind or Made. Tadolini. But what is Balfe doing with the *Gazza Ladra*? He is not generally so tardy.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE second performance of *Cenerentola* on Saturday provided, if possible, a greater triumph for Alboni than the first. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement of the night, warmed towards the end of the opera, and broke out into a real *furor* after the final *rondo*. Twice did Alboni appear at the fall of the curtain, but the cries for an *encore* were too numerous and energetic to be overlooked, and she was compelled to repeat the "Non piu mesta," after which she was again summoned to receive the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause from all parts of the house. The great contralto has fixed herself immovably in the highest estimation of the public by her wonderful singing in *Cenerentola*. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and suite, attended the performance. They arrived about the middle of the first act. At the first glimpse of the Queen a few ultra-royalists attempted to get up a spontaneous demonstration; but this was very properly suppressed until the end of the first act, and Rossini and Alboni were permitted to subside into silence with the fall of the curtain before loyalty became rampant and obstreperous. A unanimous outcry was then made for "God save the Queen," when the ever-ready Costa rung his bell, up went the curtain, and the whole—nearly the whole—of the Royal Italian Company showed themselves prepared to asseverate by song that Her Majesty's enemies and their politics ought to be eternally confounded, their knavish tricks frustrated, and their own hopes fixed upon herself; to which the audience responded in a variety of vocal thunders, which must have been more gratifying to Her gracious Majesty's heart than pleasing to her ears. Alboni and Castellan took the solos. The opera was listened to with intense delight throughout, and we have little doubt will prove one of the most attractive in the Covent Garden repertoire.

By the way, the critic of the *Daily News* is not at all pleased with Rossini in this opera, and seems to grudge Alboni the immense praise she obtained from all the other members of the diurnal press. Let us hear him:—

"Alboni sang charmingly; but the effect of her performance suffered from the general weakness of the opera, which is very far from being one of the masterpieces of its author. The drama is very poor; the writer of the libretto having with great want of judgment discarded all the incidents of the pretty fairy tale, which is so delightful to the childish imagination, and never loses its charm even to children of a larger growth. Divested of all its fanciful machinery, the story is meagre and insipid in the extreme, with almost nothing to excite either interest or amusement. Rossini could derive no inspiration from such a subject. Much of the music consists of *remplissage* and common-place; and the very best parts of it never rise above elegant and agreeable mediocrity."

The writer in the *Daily News* has given so many proofs of good taste, that this wholesale depreciation of Rossini's delicious—most delicious opera, confounds us. Surely the *Cenerentola* is at least exempt from the imputation of "general weakness." In our poor opinion the first act is a *chef-d'œuvre*,

and does not contain one weak piece. Even in the second act, if we take away Don Ramiro's recitative and air, "Si ritrovarla io giuro"—weak enough certainly, (except towards the end,) and perhaps the *largo* and *cabaletta* for Alidoro, we find nothing to censure on the score of weakness. Whence then comes the critic's animadversion? We cannot pretend to fathom. Perhaps the English version is more after his fancy: or it is possible that having lately been so much habituated to the masterly concerted pieces of Verdi, he may have been led to despise the common-place *remplissages*, as he calls them, of Rossini. Another critic says the *Cenerentola* was one of Rossini's earliest works. This is a mistake. The *Cenerentola* was written several years after the *Barbiere*.

What the *Daily News* critic says of Alboni is no less extraordinary and unaccountable:—

"The scene in which the *Prince* first sees *Cenerentola* and is smitten by her charms is very pleasing, and the duet between them was exquisitely sung by Alboni and Salvi; but we missed that touch of pathos in the poor girl's artless tale of hard usage and suffering, to which we have been accustomed by other performers. This is the only passage in which the actress has an opportunity of exhibiting anything like feeling; and having missed it, Alboni's whole performance was void of passion. None of the music she had to sing afforded any room for expression; and even the air, "Non piu mesta," which forms the finale, and from which the part derives its whole *éclat*, is nothing more than a string of bravura variations on a very ordinary theme, which she sang with the most finished and brilliant execution, but neither did nor could display the highest qualities of a vocal performer."

Really this is wholly enigmatical. No room afforded for expression! Did the critic hear the "Io vorrei saper perche"? Did he hear the "Signore, una parola"? Did he hear the "Nacqui all' affanno"? In short, did he hear anything but the rondo "Non piu mesta"? The critic says he "missed the pathos." On consideration, however, this is very probable. Not liking, as he acknowledges, Rossini's music, he probably paid but little attention to Alboni's singing, and consequently he "missed the pathos." We are sorry for him, since he is too good a judge not to have been touched by it. A word or two more with the *Daily News*, and we have done. Of Tamburini and Rovere he has the following remark:—

"Tamburini, as Dandini, the foppish servant disguised as the prince, showed himself a genuine comedian; perhaps had he made the character a little more broad and vulgar, it would have been more amusing. Rovere's *Don Magnifico* was, as usual with him, a piece of elaborate buffoonery."

It is a new theory that a comedian, to be amusing, must be broad and vulgar. The critic must at this rate consider Wright a more genuine comedian than Charles Kemble! In the next line the critic finds fault with Rovere for his *buffooneries*. How to reconcile these discrepancies? To censure Tamburini for wanting that, the possession of which is worth a box on the ear for poor Rovere! All this requires elucidation.

The announcement of Pauline Garcia's first appearance for Tuesday night created an immense sensation in all musical circles. So much had been predicted of this artist's coming to this country, so great was the reputation she had obtained on the Continent as a vocal and dramatic singer, and as one who with these combined astonishing musical abilities, so much interest was thrown round her from the fact that she was the sister of Malibran, as well as from the recollection of the great things she achieved when she first appeared in London many years ago, and the naturally-to-be-supposed improvement which must have followed study and experience, all combined to produce an excitement in the public mind almost unprecedented in our recollection. The result of this unusual com-

motion was that the theatre was crowded to excess on Tuesday evening, and we believe there was not a musician in London who was not present. The most tremendous success was anticipated by the public in general, who, auguring from newspaper reports, especially from the Berlin journals, and the assurances of their travelled musical friends, not only predicted the total annihilation of Jenny Lind, but the shadowing of the laurels of Grisi and Alboni. But expectation in this case, as in most others, was doomed to disappointment. All that was anticipated did not occur. Pauline Garcia did not annihilate Jenny Lind; neither did she project shadows over the verdant laurels of Grisi and Alboni. What she may do yet it is not in our power to say: what she *has* done it is our duty to notify. But what she *has done* must not be taken for what she *can do*. We have had an excellent lesson lately in Alboni's performance of *Tancredi*. Conflicting circumstances rendered the first appearance of the *contralto* so far from commensurate with the expectation of the public, that it was universally pronounced a failure:—and so it was, seeing that Alboni was unable to sing or exhibit any energy in her acting from oppressive indisposition. But the public who knew not this, made no allowance, and the critic who did know it, would not make an allowance, so that Alboni's *Tancredi*, most certainly one of her very greatest performances, was not estimated at its due value till it was seen and heard when the *contralto* had recovered from her indisposition. But other causes quite as conflicting and oppressive as illness may combine to render a first performance incomplete and inefficient. And such was the case with Pauline Garcia. No great singer ever appeared under more depressing circumstances than she did on Tuesday night. It is well known to those who are acquainted with Pauline Garcia that she is possessed of the most extreme sensibility, which occasionally affects her to such a degree as to paralyze all her efforts. There can be no more dreadful calamity attendant on a singer than this same nervousness. Pauline Garcia was naturally most anxious that her first impression should be favourable. She had to appear before the most critical audience in Europe, before those who had been accustomed to the various styles of excellence of Grisi and Alboni, Jenny Lind and Persiani. This was matter for anxiety, and in a sensitive mind acting on a delicate frame, must have been most trying. We understand that even at rehearsal on Monday, Mad. Pauline Garcia exhibited a degree of anxiety amounting to nervousness, and did not get over it until she had warmed into the second act. But what must have been her astonishment and affright when she learned on Tuesday, a few hours before the performance, that Mario, upon whom she had reckoned so much, and with whom she had rehearsed, was taken so suddenly ill that he could not appear that night. Here was a blow indeed! Salvi was applied to to take the part of Elvino, but he refused to play substitute to Mario, and as a last resource, a Signor Flavio, who was at Her Majesty's Theatre the year of Pauline Garcia's engagement, happening to be in London, volunteered his services, which, we think unfortunately, were accepted. It would have been much better had the *debutante* waited until Mario had been able to sing. And here we deem it but justice to set the public right as to the real cause of Mario's non-appearance on Tuesday. It was currently reported that Mario was not indisposed, but that, influenced by Grisi, who was fearful of the impression Pauline Garcia would make on the public, he feigned illness at the last moment, that the singer might be utterly swamped. Never did a more insane or unfounded report issue from human lips. What are the real facts? Mario was as anxious about Pauline Garcia's success as if he were her brother: and



Grisi, when she found Mario could not play, almost went down on her knees to Salvi to take his part. These are the facts of the case, and we happen to know them. No further remarks need be preferred against the secret calumniators who originated the report. With these preliminary observations, which we find necessary to fit the occasion, we set off to matters of history, which, *en passant*, we shall take leave to illustrate with comments and criticism.

First then, every seat in the house was occupied, and every standing place secured. The Queen Dowager was present; Her Majesty's box was occupied, and most of the real Opera frequenters who are found in the ranks of the nobility, were seen among the spectators. Among the visitors of rank and renown we espied the Dowager Countess of Essex. Grisi and Alboni were among the most interested of all the lookers on. At last Costa ascended the rostrum, struck his baton against his desk, waved his hand, and the band commenced the opening prelude. But neither band, nor chorus, nor scenery was heeded, and the whole house looked one mingled mass of anxiety, until Pauline Garcia appeared from the cottage. Her reception was tremendous. She stood for several minutes bowing to the applauses that rained over her, and it was evident, from some cause or other, that an extreme degree of nervousness had seized on her. Her trembling was apparent to all parts of the house. Her first notes were listened to with breathless anxiety. In the recitative she was evidently unable to sing: her tone was uncertain, wavering, and devoid of power and quality. The good-natured applause she received appeared to revive her sinking spirits, and in the "Come per me sereno," she gave several indications of the finest art and musicianly skill. But these fortelling evidences escaped the general mass, and the impression the singer made was, literally, next to nothing. The curtain fell on the first act, and though Madame Pauline Garcia was called for, disappointment and chagrin was painted on every visage. "And is this the singer," apostrophised many, "who has been long pronounced by continental Europe the greatest artist in the world, who has come hither to push Lind from her stool, and to make the stars of Grisi and Alboni turn pale with affright!" "Wait awhile," returned some stander by, who appeared to have an inkling of the truth, "wait till all is done—don't be premature!" The second act was a great improvement, but did not come within many degrees of public expectation. The effect of the nervousness was still traceable, and though the singing and acting was occasionally good, the audience were far from being satisfied. But all this while there was, to the initiated, glimpses of transcendent genius, and consummate art. The first scene of *sonnambulism*, as far as the acting went, was exquisitely beautiful, and brought us back Malibran, brightly and vividly. But then, the voice of the singer did not obey the dictates of art. The *sotto voce* lost all its pathos and beauty for want of steadiness and intonation. Some magnificent points were made in the first finale. The slow recovery from sleep was most truthfully acted, and the surprise and astonishment at finding herself before so many strangers, in a strange place, and again her burst of joy at beholding Elvino, were depicted with astonishing force, and great nature. Still a wet blanket had been thrown over the audience by the previous efforts of the vocalist, and wet blankets are not so soon taken off, nor do they dry with the first burst of sunshine. The audience got up a display—but there was no *furor*. Pauline Garcia was called for, but still her admirers scowled. It would be ungenerous to speak in depressing terms of Signor Flavio, who, not belonging to the operatic corps, took the part of Elvino

at a moment's notice, else could we prove how much the performance of this tenor militated against the Amina of Pauline Garcia—the heroine having so much to depend upon her lover in the two first acts. Luckily for the exhibition of Tuesday the tenor has little or nothing to do with the soprano in the last scene; and it is to this cause—the being left to her own resources—that we must attribute the immense success of Pauline Garcia, in the whole of this scene—the great display of the *Sonnambula*. And here, whatever may be the opinion of other critics, we at once declare it as our assured belief, that Pauline Garcia was as great in this scene as ever her sister was, if we except a lack of that overwhelming power Malibran used to exhibit in the "Oh! non giunge," and in which she far surpassed every other singer we ever heard. With this exception Pauline Garcia's performance of the last scene of the *Sonnambula* was equal to Malibran's. We discovered the same intensity, the same passionate fervour, the same absorbing depth of feeling: we heard the same tones whose naturalness and pathos stole into our very heart of hearts: we saw the same abstraction, the same abandonment, the same rapturous awakening to joy, to love, and to devotion. And still more are we satisfied in rightly comparing Pauline Garcia to Malibran, in the evidence of that consummate art which made the latter the Queen of Song. And in this we shall be borne out by every musician who heard the performances on Tuesday. Such novel and extraordinary passages, such daring flights into the regions of *floriture*, together with chromatic runs ascending and descending, embracing the three registers of the *soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, and *contralto*, we have not heard since the days of Malibran. Even here we question if Pauline Garcia is not a greater mistress of her art than her sister. When we have heard her again in the *Sonnambula*, and still more in parts in which she is reputed to be beyond all possible comparison transcendent, we shall be the better able to judge of the real extent of her genius and powers. As yet she has been but half heard.

But if her general powers be yet *sub-judice*, we can, however, pronounce upon the perfection of the final scene. From the first note to the last her singing was irreproachable, and her acting was exquisitely truthful and beautiful. The recitative preceding the *largo* "Ah! non credea," and the *largo* itself, were marvellous specimens of *sotto voce* singing, never surpassed, if equalled, by Grisi or Jenny Lind. The cadences introduced here were in strict keeping with the solemnity of the situation, and the simple character of the music. One cadence, embracing the whole extent of the voice, from the lowest to the highest note, including two octaves and six notes, and executed with slowness, had an extraordinary effect. The acting of Pauline Garcia in this scene we have not seen equalled since the death of Malibran. The impression it produced upon ourselves we shall never forget. It was not until this scene that the audience began truly to warm into enthusiasm. From this to the end Pauline Garcia created a *furor* that it is impossible to describe. Her "Ah! non giunge" was received with shrieks, rather than shouts of applause. She had touched her hearers at last. She was called for twice, and a third call being made, she repeated the "Ah! non giunge" with increased acclamations. She was again recalled and received with showers of bouquets. We shall defer pronouncing a more decided opinion on the merits of this accomplished artist until we have heard her under more favourable circumstances. The *Sonnambula* will be repeated on Saturday. We shall then have an opportunity of fixing or reversing our first impressions. We look forward to the issue with no small anxiety.

Tamburini was admirable in the small part of *Rodolpho*, and gave it an importance it never received from other hands. He sang the aria, "Vi Ravisio" very finely, and was loudly applauded. Mademoiselle Corbari is decidedly the best *Lisa* we have seen. She sang the cavatina in the first scene in a very superior manner, and in the introduced aria in the last act, from Donizetti's *Fausta*, exhibited great vocal excellence.

The opera was followed by the ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre*.

On Thursday, the *Nozze di Figaro* was produced for the first time this season, Madame Steffanoni making her first appearance as the Countess. The cast was precisely the same as that of last year. We have already devoted so much space to the repetition of the *Cenerentola*, and to the debut of Pauline Garcia, that we have no time to give an original notice of the *Nozze di Figaro* this week. We shall, therefore, take leave to borrow the report of the talented writer of the *Morning Herald*, to whose opinions we respectfully bow on the present occasion. "The *Nozze di Figaro* was played last night," says the critic, "with an excellence that is unmatchable. Excepting at this theatre last year, we do not remember to have encountered a more generally effective representation of this imperishable work, though, in one or two cases, the cast might in some degree receive improvement. The special feature of the evening was the appearance of Madame Steffanoni, who sustained the Countess with credit being of great personal attractions, and a vocalist of more than average respectability. The favourable impression which this lady made last year in *Ernani*, and also in the *Figaro* (into which she was upon one occasion drawn through the indisposition of Persiani), was strengthened last night, the further discipline of a year having had its profit. Her singing is sweet and unaffected; it does not astonish but it pleases, and she delivers the text of Mozart with propriety and accuracy. We did not hear the whole of her performance, but we heard enough after her first trepidations were over, to satisfy us of her intelligence, and of her future usefulness. Grisi was the Susanna; and where is there another who can be put in competition with her in this fascinating creation? With the Almaviva of Tamburini the world is well acquainted, and has long since set it down as an instance of the highest art, referring it, that is, to the class to which it belongs. Rovere was the Bartolo. With the humour of the latter artist we feel but small sympathy, but his vocal precision is never at fault, and the text of the author is not clouded by the superfluities of grimace. The Figaro of Marini is meritorious, and he deserves the encore which he receives, for his able and exuberant delivery of the "Non più andrai." Let it not be supposed we forget Alboni, although we mention her last. The Cherubino of this excellent singer has, and can have, no rival on the stage. Her execution of the delicious strains to which Mozart has here given birth is perfection—alike enchanting, in the purity of the style, in the grace of the vocal mechanism, and in the full-hearted intensity of the feeling. The opera was listened to with evident enjoyment by the audience, and the encores were not unfrequent. The house was well attended."

We have nothing further to add to this excellent critique, than to say that in addition to Marini's song above mentioned, encores were conferred on the overture, Alboni's "Voi che sapete," most exquisitely sung; the duet "Crudel perche," of Grisi and Tamburini; and the "Sall' aria" of Grisi and Steffanoni. The acting of Grisi, Tamburini, and Alboni was inimitable.

We must hastily notice the Grand Concert which took place yesterday morning, and attracted an immense audience. The

programme, which was supported by the whole strength of the company, excepting Ronconi and Madame Ronconi, was as follows:—

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

Rossini's Stabat Mater.—Principal Vocalists: Made. Grisi, Madlle. Alboni, Madlle. Corbari, Sigri. Mario, Lavia, Tamburini, and Tagliafico.

##### PART II.

Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber. Terzetto, "Pappataci," Signor Salvi, Signor Rovere, and Signor Marini, Rossini. Cavatina, Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, (Arranged for the Orchestra expressly for her by M. MEYERBEER.) Terzetto, "Le faccio un inchino," Madame Persiani, Madame Castellan and Mademoiselle Alboni, (Il Matrimonio Segreto,) Cimarosa. Aria, "Prendi per me sei libero," Madame Persiani, (L'Elisir d'Amore,) Donizetti. Concerto, pianoforte, Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, performed by Monsieur Charles Halle, Beethoven. Aria, "Non mi dir," Madame Castellan, (Don Juan,) Mozart. Mazurkas by Chopin, arranged and sung by Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, and accompanied by herself on the pianoforte, Chopin. Grand Chorus, Rossini's Grand Chorus, "La Carita," performed by the full Orchestra and Chorus, with Madame Grisi, Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, Madame Persiani, Madame Ronconi, Mademoiselle Steffanoni, Mademoiselle Corbari. Madame Castellan, Mademoiselle Alboni, Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, Signor Tamburini, Signor Marini, Signor Rovere, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Luigi-Mei, Signor Corradi-Setti, and Signor Lavia, Rossini. Overture, "Prometheus," Beethoven.

Conductor . . . Mr. Costa.

The *Stabat*, which we like less on every fresh hearing, was executed with the perfection peculiar to the Royal Italian Opera. The "Fac me vere" of Alboni, the "Inflammatum" of Grisi, and the "Quando Corpus" for Grisi, Alboni, Mario and Tamburini were encored.

The overture to *Euryanthe* was magnificently played, although Mr. Costa took it at a tremendous pace; but under his baton the quickest *prestissimo* is safe. "The "Pappataci" found admirable interpreters in Salvi, Rovere, and Marino; and the not less hilarious "Le faccio un inchino," was, in the hands of Persiani, Castellan, and Alboni, equally well treated. Madame Castellan sang Mozart's lovely "Non mi dir," with great feeling; the *andante* especially was perfect. The "Carita" was a wonderful performance, which by a glance at the list of names will be easily understood. The composition itself, however, is of little value. The fine overture to *Prometheus* went faultlessly.

It remains to speak of the novelties of this programme, which were highly interesting.

First, Mad. Viardot Garcia sang the cavatina, "Lascia che Piango," from Handel's *Rinaldo*, to which Meyerbeer has added orchestral accompaniments. Mad. Viardot's reading of this song was the very perfection of pathos, and moved her hearers to the quick; we have rarely heard more truly expressive singing. It was loudly encored. Meyerbeer's orchestration is very ingenious and fanciful, but on the whole too elaborate for the style of the melody. Of the Mazourkas we cannot speak so warmly, although the last was encored. Mad. Viardot selected the G sharp minor, and the B flat, one trifling the other gay, both (we believe) from the 6th book. She sang these with great *esprit* and the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and proved herself a ready and skilful pianist by the style in which she executed the accompaniments. But we cannot allow that the human voice can be the medium of making ugly and affected music pretty and engaging any more than the pianoforte, and while admiring Mad. Viardot's cleverness in making anything out of such dull matters, we must arraign her taste for selecting them.

The Beethoven concerto was the great classical feature of the concert. We have rarely heard this magnificent concerto so admirably rendered in every respect. The soloist and the orchestra were equally irreproachable. M. Hallé has long been renowned in Paris as the best pianist of the great school;



he has been received at the *Conservatoire*—that temple of art whose doors are shut to mediocrity, and too often to merit—as the authorised interpreter of Beethoven. The concerto in E flat, the most difficult and the grandest of the set, is peculiarly adapted to M. Hallé's large and noble style of expression, while its perplexities vanish before his admirable method. M. Hallé has all the requisites for an accomplished pianist: his tone is full and round—his touch elastic, lending itself easily to all the variations of intensity—and his execution the perfection of neatness and certainty. These advantages, added to the style which everywhere declares the profound musician, and the man of poetical temperament, have raised M. Hallé to that high position he holds among the great pianists of the continent, and peculiarly fit him to be an expositor of the loftiest kind of music. M. Hallé's entire performance created the utmost enthusiasm, and each movement of the concerto was followed by the loudest and most unanimous applause. A more complete triumph could not have been achieved. We trust now that there will be no further difficulty in obtaining a hearing for M. Hallé at the Philharmonic Concerts. The subscribers have a right to hear all the first-rate talent available, and will have serious cause to complain if such a splendid pianist be allowed, a second time, to leave England without having been played.

## MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

DEAR SIR,—I have but this day had placed in my hands your publication of the 29th of April, in which is contained a notice of the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* here, on Easter Monday, and upon which, I would beg to offer a few remarks, knowing your impartiality towards all writers, having for their aim the cultivation of and the improvement in taste for music. If your correspondent whom, (from his style of writing and acquaintance with the names of the professionals) I believe to be a resident in our neighbourhood, had been anxious to show why, or how, our city was termed musical, and if the existence of societies, and the manner in which they are supported were to be the test, why I ask does he not name them all? He tells us of the "Gentlemen's Concerts" with its 600 subscribers, and of the "Hargreave's Choral," with its 650, but never refers to the "Harmonic Society," which was established upwards of twelve months before the Hargreave's, and has during its years numbered 680 members, and from which, the greater portion of the chorus singers for the *Elijah* performance were selected, and not as your correspondent says from the "Hargreaves." True some were engaged from that choir, but not a third of them. There is likewise the "Philharmonic Society" to which your correspondent never refers, as well as the "Madrigal Society," which occupies no mean position in the list of our musical institutions; with several Glee Clubs, one of which, the "Gentleman's Glee Club" is the oldest in the city; but it is quite evident to me, these latter societies are either not patronised by your correspondent, or they do not patronize him.

Though one of the sufferers by the *Elijah* I am candidly of opinion, that very much of its failure (in a pecuniary point of view) may be attributed to a jealous feeling, existing in the profession, and which is to be regretted, inasmuch as it acts as an obstacle to such experiments being tried again. The directors, however, had one consolation in knowing that this grand work was never better brought out than on this occasion; much credit being due to Mr. D. W. Banks, the conductor and

chorus master, as also to Mr. Seymour, the leader. Yours respectfully,

HARMONICUS.

[Our correspondent's name and address accompany the above.—Ed. M. W.]

## MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SINCE my last nothing of importance in the musical world has taken place here, with the exception of a flying visit from that prince of caterers, Jullien; the second performance of Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*," at the Society of Ancient Concerts, and the second Philharmonic Concert. Jullien's principals on the occasion were, Reeves, Whitworth, and Miss Miran, vocalists; Koenig, Richardson, Collinet, and Day, solo instrumentalists. Reeves made a "decided hit." He sang "Fra poco" in splendid style, and created quite a furore in Balfe's pretty ballad "In this old Chair." He should, however, eschew "young Verdi" *in toto*. Jullien did not conduct his third and last concert, having been obliged to leave suddenly for London, where his affairs required his immediate presence.

Mendelssohn's *chef d'œuvre* was performed twice this season by the society of Ancient Concerts, by an orchestra and chorus of 150 performers. The oratorio was given on both occasions in its entirety; and when we take into account the magnitude of the work, the complexity of the vocal and instrumental score, a score that has taxed to the uttermost the powers of the principal societies in England and the Continent, the greatest praise is due to the talented conductor, Mr. Joseph Robinson, for the manner in which the work was brought out on both occasions. As "*Elijah*" on its production at Birmingham, and on a subsequent occasion has been ably and elaborately reviewed in the *Musical World*, it will not be necessary for me now to enter into an analysis of its numberless beauties. The choruses were given with energy and precision, and the different marks of expression rigidly observed throughout. Where all was excellent it was difficult to select points for special commendation; but among the most striking, were, the magnificent "*Water Chorus*," concluding the first part; the "*Baal music*," in which the brass instruments came out with immense power; the chorus commencing the second part, in which the *baton* of the conductor was used to advantage in the changes of the *tempi*, on the words "Be not afraid," and though last, not least, the angelic "*Sanctus*," in which the organ blends so beautifully with the voices and instruments.

The second grand concert for the season, of the Philharmonic Society, took place in the concert rooms, Great Brunswick Street, on Monday evening, the 1st of May, when the following programme was provided:

PART I.		
Sinfonia, No. 2	.	Kalliwoda
Chorus—"Calm of the Sea."	.	Beethoven
Cavatina—"Io chiedo"	.	Ricci
Song—"My heart pray canst thou answer"	.	Kucken
Concerto, violin—Herr Herman	.	Herman
Terzetto—"Pensa e guarda"	.	Meyerbeer
Two Songs—"Revenge."	.	Hatton
"She is mine."	.	Curschman
Overture—"Euryanthe"	.	Weber
PART II.		
"The first Walpurgis Night"	.	Mendelssohn
Two German Songs—"The song of night"	.	Mendelssohn
"The song of Spring"	.	Mendelssohn
Fantasia—original air, violin, Herr Herman	.	Herman
Ballad—"Farewell"	.	V. Morris, Junr.
Chorus—"Sienda amor"	.	Mozart

Miss Dolby and Herr Herman were specially engaged for

the occasion. Kalliwoda's Symphony, with the exception of a slight mistake in the opening *allegro*, went admirably, as also, Beethoven's descriptive chorus. Ricci's common place *Cavatina* was excellently vocalized by Miss Dolby, and Mr. Geary was much applauded in Kucken's song. Herr Herman next appeared and performed the first part of a *concerto* composed by himself; his playing is of the French school, and principally characterised by a neat and rapid execution, but his tone is delicate. He performs, however, with considerable fervor and taste, and it is much to be regretted that he did not select a composition better adapted for the display of his talents. Meyerbeer's comic trio for three basses, admirably sung by Messrs. Joseph Robinson, Stanford and Mansell, was demanded a second time, and Mr. Joseph Robinson, in Hatton's dashing song and Curshmann's pretty *lied*, displayed his fine bass voice to the best advantage, and on being encored substituted Oberthur's "*See, the Mariner returning.*" Weber's overture to "*Euryanthe*" was very energetically played. Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis Night*" was performed by an orchestra and chorus of 150 in number. "*The Song of the Night*," Mendelssohn's last composition, and his "*Song of Spring*" were interpreted by Miss Dolby, with her usual irreproachable taste and judgment, the former was redemanded with enthusiasm. Herr Herman again appeared and executed an original fantasia, to which the same remarks apply as to his concerto. There is really no excuse for a violinist playing trivial or common place music, when we consider the endless variety of classical compositions written for the instrument, from Spohr downwards. Valentine Morris' pretty ballad was interpreted with great sentiment by Miss Dolby, and Mozart's spirited chorus made a splendid climax to a good concert. Mr. James Barton led and Mr. Henry Bussell conducted. The room was crowded to suffocation by a most fashionable audience.

May 9, 1848.

C. B.

#### APOTHEGMS.

XII. AUTHORS may be said to have a fellow feeling—against each other.

#### THE KEANS AT NEWCASTLE.

(From the Newcastle Chronicle.)

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN, after closing a most successful engagement at Edinburgh, appeared here on Wednesday evening to fulfil an engagement for three nights only. They appeared in the play of *The Wife's Secret*, which in their hands has had an unexampled career of success. The play deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on it; it acts well and the language is refined and beautiful. Mr. Kean in the part of Sir Walter Amyott was more to our taste than in any character in which we had previously seen him, and nothing could exceed the grace and nature with which Mrs. Kean played Lady Evelyn; the only thing to be regretted was an occasional feebleness of voice. The house, which was a crowded one, was throughout in raptures, and when the curtain fell, the call for the accomplished pair was general, and on their appearance, it was not merely a shout but a roar of applause. Lord Arden was well played by Mr. Everett, (his first appearance here during the season), and Mr. Marshall played Jabez Sneed with a degree of judgment that would have led one to believe the part was familiar to him, though doubtless he never played it before. Lady Evelyn's page was beautifully played by Miss Fitzpatrick, and Maud, a servant girl, with a sanctified exterior but a joyous spirit was hit off to the life by Mrs. Davis. The success of the performance was

so great, that contrary to previous arrangement *The Wife's Secret* is announced for performance again this (Thursday) evening. The way in which the play is put on the stage reflects the highest credit upon the management; the scenery, dresses, and properties were all of the most appropriate description, and we are sure have not been surpassed in any provincial theatre which Mr. and Mrs. Kean have visited.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.—A very merry and well written farce has been brought out at this theatre with the greatest success. It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks, a gentleman who has lately turned his attention to dramatic writing, and who bids fair to become one of the most popular authors of the day. The farce rejoices under the attractive title of *The Special*, and the plot runs upon the loves and adventures of a certain Miss Gloriana Dollop, and an uncertain Mr. Frank Gossamer, which are harassed by the interference of old Dollop, Gloriana's uncle and guardian. But Gloriana is a kind of female mad-wag, and accordingly, on the famous Monday, the 10th of April, 1848, the great Chartist Monday, the day of all-swearing, she attires herself as a *special*, goes out a loyalising, and returns with a caught tartar in the person of Frank Gossamer, whom she had taken up by virtue of her office for an undue demonstration of Chartist feeling. While Gloriana is from home a burglar enters the house and rifles its contents, when the arrival of herself and Frank Gossamer gives a new turn to the housebreaker's luck. Frank arrests the intruder, displays great spirit, and is rewarded by the uncle for his gallantry with the hand of his niece. The piece was received with immense applause. The dialogue is full of point and humor.

PRINCESS'S.—The performances at this theatre have been for some time unnoticed in consequence of the press of matter arising from the novelties produced at the two Italian Operas, and other subjects too important to be excluded from a musical journal. Our readers must now rest satisfied with an abstract of the late doings at the Princess's. An English version of Le Brun's *Rossignol*, called *The Nightingale*, was produced in Easter week, for the purpose of introducing Mad. Anna Thillon in a new part. Le Brun's music is not very attractive, but then Mad. Anna Thillon's singing is delightful, and her acting spirited and arch, so that the opera of the *Nightingale* met with a decided success. Mr. Edward Loder adapted and arranged the music with his accustomed musicianly skill. Mr. Weiss has been added to the operatic corps: he will prove a valuable acquisition. He sang in the *Nightingale* with great effect. Mr. Barker also deserves a word of praise for his artistical and careful singing. Mr. Bodda played a quiet old man with good tact. After the opera a new ballet, entitled *Esmeralda*, was brought out, and introduced Mlle. Auriol, daughter of the celebrated clown of the Cirque Olympique of Paris. The fair *debutante* proved herself a mistress of her art, both pantomimic and choregraphic, and was most favourably received. The opera and the ballet have been repeated frequently since. Two new pieces have been produced during the current week: the one, an English version of the French vaudeville, *La Reine d'un jour*, called *A Day at Dover*, in which Mad. Anna Thillon sustains the part of a milliner, who assumes the guise and attire of Royalty in a lively and most amusing manner: the second, entitled *A Fairy Tale*, a very peculiar romantic drama, in two acts, in which Mrs. Stirling exhibits her dramatic abilities to great advantage. *The Day at Dover* is a neat trifle, and has the merit of providing some

capital songs written by Edward Loder, deliciously sung by Mad. Thillon. It met with deserved success. *The Fairy Tale* comprises a plot quite original, and would take more room to develop it in narrative than we can afford at present. Mrs. Stirling performed admirably, and contributed mainly to the success of the piece. *The Crown Diamonds* is in rehearsal, and will be re-produced shortly. Allen is engaged.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—The *début* of M. Achard has taken place since our last; we have also been introduced to a new actress, Mdle. Désirée, who promises to become a favorite, and to a M. Julien Deschamps, of whom we cannot say much for the present, having only seen him in one part, and that one affording but little scope for any display of talent. *Christophe le Cordier*, translated into English under the title of the *Seacrow*, and lately played at the Lycæum, is concocted of the usual materials: there is an honest lover and a dishonest one, a beautiful girl is the object of their desires, and, as is right and proper, she becomes the reward of integrity and virtue. This is the old song over and over again, with a slight alteration, inasmuch as the honest lover is not in love, but is beloved by the beautiful *Madeleine*, at least in the commencement of the story, and it is only after their marriage, which he conceives to be a sham one, that he begins to feel symptoms of being enamoured of his wife. There are some good situations, which M. Achard turned to excellent account; the difference which he exhibits after his falling in love is not a physical but a moral one, he is not more refined in his manners, but he is more mild and submissive; the coarseness of his voice and his former brutality have disappeared; his love for money has abated, and he watches over and protects his pretended wife against the designs of her seducer. The change was in no wise abrupt, yet was sufficiently marked to satisfy an audience accustomed to French actors. The singing of M. Achard is another point not lightly to be passed over; he has a sweet tenor voice, which he has cultivated to a certain extent, and which, when compared to the usual interpreters of Vaudeville music, produces a most pleasing effect. Mdle Désirée is a smart and intelligent actress, good looking and pleasing in her deportment. *Le Veuve Piachon* is a much better piece than the last, and turns upon the conversion of a shrew into a quiet submissive wife. The story is well told and the characters hit off to perfection; at the commencement, before the marriage has taken place, *Madame Veuve Piachon* has it all her own way, her late husband has awfully spoiled her, she will suffer no will but her own; but when the ceremony is over, her new husband begins by degrees to come out, the truth flashes on her mind that her reign as a despot is over, and she must resort to more constitutional means to govern: the change is gradually brought about, and harmony is restored by a tacit understanding that the *Je le veux* shall be banished on both sides. Both M. Achard and Mdle Désirée played well in this piece, the gentleman acting the dupe to perfection, and the lady perfectly at home in her part. We should also add a word of commendation in favour of M. Josset.

J. de C. —

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Mr. French Flowers has rushed to the rescue of his friend, Mr. Surman, and attacks Mr. Perry as a bad conductor of heavy works. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the gentleman's qualifications on that point, all readers of the *Musical World* will agree, that Mr. French Flowers' abilities to produce "heavy" works, judging from his numerous letters that have appeared in the *Musical World*, are of the highest order.

Mr. French Flowers considers that Mr. Perry is *incapable of forming an opinion*, and then proceeds to give his opinion on Mr. Surman's case; let us, therefore, see how far Mr. French Flowers is justified in forming an opinion on the matter at all. Now, to understand fully all the circumstances involved in the dismissal of Mr. Surman, it is necessary, Firstly; that Mr. Flowers should have attended a great majority of the Concerts given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, since its institution. Has he done so? Secondly; Mr. Flowers should have attended a great majority of the meetings for practice. Has he done so? Thirdly; Mr. Flowers should have been made acquainted with the Report of the Committee of Investigation. Has he had this information? And Fourthly; Mr. French Flowers should have searched diligently into all the circumstances on both sides, and then given them his consideration. Has he done so? To all these questions, I answer distinctly, no! But Mr. French Flowers has *formed his opinion*, either from an *ex parte* statement, or else knew nothing whatever about the case. Those who live in glasshouses should not throw stones; and when next Mr. French Flowers proclaims an individual incapable of forming an opinion, let him give proof of his own capacity to do so. At present it is very questionable.—Yours, &c.

W. C.

P.S.—From what "Old Play" did Mr. Flowers procure the extract which heads his letter? It must be original, I think; for it is as bad as his new theory of counterpoint.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In No. 17 of the *Musical World*, Saturday, April 22, I perceive my name inserted as a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover's Academy. I shall feel greatly obliged by your contradicting the same in your next number, as it is a very great mistake, and totally without foundation.—Your obedient servant,

E. NEWTON.

14, Charlotte Place, Eccleston Square, Belgrave Road, Piccadilly.

A QUERY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been desired to ask you, if of your knowledge there has been any invention whereby an extemporaneous performance, by means of a keyed instrument, can be committed to paper.

Should you be in possession of any information relative to the above question, you will oblige a subscriber to the *Musical World* by stating how far it is practicable.—Yours respectfully,

Bradford, May 9, 1848.

S. CLAYTON.

[We presume all required is a competent knowledge of music, and a remarkably efficient memory—equal to Mozart's, or Mendelssohn's.—Ed. M.W.]

#### CONCERTS.

**MADLE LOVEDAY'S SOIREE MUSICALE.**—On Monday evening, Mademoiselle Clara Loveday gave her first *Soirée Musicale* at her residence, No. 9, Berners Street. This young lady—a pupil of the celebrated *Liszt*—has hitherto been resident in Paris, and there acquired great fame as a pianiste; her parents are English. In her earlier years she was a favorite protégée of Paganini, who predicted the eminence she would attain.—Mdle Loveday's style is brilliant, energetic, and intellectual, with a touch firm and distinct, combining the utmost delicacy; her command of the *pianissimo* is remarkable. All the difficulties of the instrument seem to disappear before the accuracy of her admirable method. Her debut was eminently successful, and the connoisseurs present were unanimous in their admiration of this accomplished artiste.—The soiree was numerous and fashionably attended. Signor and Mdle. Tagliafico, Signors Cellino and Goldberg, Mesdames d'Okolski, and Boulanger Kunzè and Mr. H. Phillips adding their vocal talents to the attractions of the evening. Mr. Land conducted.

**MISS EMILY GRANT.**—This vocalist gave a concert on the evening of Monday last, at the Concert Hall, Liverpool. It was one of the most fashionable, and best attended of the season. The Earl of Sefton, and a large party, were present; Mr. and Mrs. Blundell, of Crosby Hall; Mr. John Ireland Blackburne, late M.P., for Warrington; and others, the *élite* of this neighbourhood. The concert, in every respect, was admirable. Two young ladies, pupils of Miss Grant, made



their *entrée* into the musical world under promising circumstances. One of them possesses a fine contralto voice, the other has a soprano of power and sweetness. Both the young ladies made a favorable impression on an intelligent audience. Signor Paltoni is a *buffo*, with a fine bass organ. Miss Grant has scarcely been heard to greater advantage, while the singing of Mr. Lockey was a high treat in its way.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

## EPHEMERIDES.

NO. XII.

PROPHETIC were the tears, my child,  
That flow'd from thee unbidden:  
When only joy around us smil'd,  
And future woes were hidden.

The crystal depths of thy pure soul,  
Mirror'd the coming gloom,  
And show'd, as on a sybil scroll,  
Our love's untimely doom.

NO. XIII.

ASK not if ever I have lov'd before,  
Nor seek to read the dim and blotted past;  
The open leaf—be that thy only lore,  
Not what another had, but what thou hast.

If I have bask'd in other smiles than thine,  
The love now thine they but to ripeness brought:  
Thine the green grape, to thee, the mellow wine,  
Come taste the cup once more, and banish thought.

NO. XIV.

THERE is a song whose magic strain,  
O'er drudging time hath pow'r,  
And, like a dream, brings back again,  
The long departed hour.

It shows the silver bowl unbroken,  
The fountains flowing still,  
The bitter parting word unspoken,  
The sun above the hill.

Ah! sing it not—let me forget,  
Such joy was ever known,  
And dream this cheek was ever wet,  
With tears of grief alone.

OPHIS.

## A THIRD ITALIAN OPERA.

Do not start, reader! There is a talk of the Berlin Italian Company arriving in London, and commencing proceedings a fortnight hence, at Drury Lane or Lyceum. Heaven save the mark! What next?

## MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

A MORNING and evening concert were given here in the Town Hall, on Thursday, April 27th, under the management of a special committee of the leading gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, in aid of a fund for placing in the Music Hall a memorial of the great composer—MENDELSSOHN.

The morning performance consisted of the *Elijah*, excellently rendered by a powerful band and choir, assisted by Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. Mr. Willy led and Mr. Munden conducted. The oratorio was produced admirably, and gave the greatest satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable auditory.

The prominent feature of these performances was the even-

ing concert, at which was introduced for the first time to a Birmingham audience, the lamented master's wondrous composition, the *First Walpurgis Night*. The overture was happily rendered by the band, under the masterly leadership of Mr. Willy, conducted by Mr. Simms, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the spirit of the author. The solo to the opening chorus, "Now may day" was sung by Mr. Lockey neatly and correctly; the choruses were given with a precision and effect that indicated the care bestowed upon the rehearsal. The contralto solo, "Know ye not a deed so daring," was well sung by Miss M. Williams. The remaining bass solos, "The man who flies our sacrifice," "Come with torches," and "Restrained of might," were ably interpreted by Mr. Machin, who sang in the evening with great spirit and power. The concluding solo and chorus were encored. The choral singing throughout was excellent, particularly in the *pianissimo* chorus of Druids, "Secure the passes round the glen," which was rendered with admirable delicacy, shewing the careful training of the conductor.

The second part of the concert consisted of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, played with a fidelity and spirit that called forth an encore. Miss Williams, in Auber's cavatina, "I dare not sing," Mr. Phillips in Mozart's "Qui sdegno non s'accende," and Mad. Caradori Allan in "Parto ma tu," from *La Clemenza di Tito* sang most effectively. Mendelssohn's beautiful quartett "When the west with evening glows," was sung by the Misses Williams, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Machin, and would have been much improved by a careful rehearsal. Miss Dolby produced a great sensation in Mozart's recitative and air, "In questo sono," as did also the two Miss Williams in a sparkling duet of Benedict's. The duet for two pianofortes, "Hommage à Handel," was well played by the conductor and M. Duchemin. Mr. Lockey sang most spiritedly a song of Lachner's, which was followed by a duet of Auber's, interpreted by Caradori and Miss Dolby. The concert concluded with the well-known nocturno and wedding march, from incidental music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A greater treat to the lovers of classical music could not certainly have been experienced, and a more *recherché* concert has never been produced here, except at our triennial musical festivals. The choir was composed entirely of our towns-people, whose services were rendered gratuitously.

It is satisfactory to be enabled to add that the object for which the concerts were projected has been amply realized, the gross receipts having exceeded £500.

## PROVINCIAL.

GUILFORD.—(From a Correspondent.)—Handel's Oratorio, *Judas Macabeus*, was performed in the Public Hall, on Tuesday evening, April the 11th. The principal Vocalists were Miss Kewart, Miss Cubitt, and Mr. Walker. Mr. Leman officiated as conductor; and Mr. F. H. Leman presided at the organ. The performance was extremely creditable to all engaged, and merited the success it obtained. There was a very full attendance; and the audience were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of applause. It was flattering to the exertions of the Society, which has now been established many years, to observe such strong manifestations of a real love for music of so high an order in the auditors. The chorus was very effective, and obtained several *encores*. Miss Kewart and Miss Cubitt added in no small degree, by their exertions and great abilities, to the success of the performance. Some of the pieces were sung by amateur members of the Society in a most praiseworthy manner, and were favourably received. Altogether, the "Guilford Choral Society" has to congratulate itself on the rapid strides it has made of late years. If it only makes progress in the same proportion for a few seasons more, it will become one of the best musical institutions beyond the metropolis. We cannot close this notice without a strong word of praise for Mr. Leman's conducting; and a word no less commendatory to Mr. F. H. Leman, who is no less distinguished for his excellent performance on the

organ than for the conscientious manner in which he reads the scores of Handel.

**CHELTENHAM, May 1.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft's Fourth Subscription Concert, which took place last Saturday, was both fashionably and numerous attended: indeed it was one of the best concerts of the season. Mr. Sims Reeves contributed his powerful assistance on the occasion, and was *encored, und voce*, in all his songs, as also in that favourite duet of Donizetti's "Da quel di" (from *Linda di Chamouni*), in which he was ably assisted by the fair *bénéficiaire*, Mrs. Alban Croft. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, and Mr. Reeves, were also much applauded in one of Verdi's trios: this was chiefly owing to their truly dramatic performance, not to the merit of the composition. Mrs. A. Croft also favoured us with Meyerbeer's "Robert, O toi que j'aime" in which she was accompanied on the harp by a Mr. Marsh, (his first appearance in Cheltenham since his return from India), and on the piano-forte by Mr. Cianchettini, the conductor of the concert. Mr. Marsh was very successful in two fantasias, the subjects of one of which was from Spohr's *Jessonda*; and so was Mr. Cianchettini in an extempore fantasia on that old favourite of the public "Di tanti palpiti"—but ever new! The concert concluded with "God save the Queen"—the solos of which were splendidly given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Croft, and Mr. Reeves. We must not forget to mention, also, Mr. Croft's performance of "Liete voci;" and Rossini's matchless "Largo al factotum;" which was rapturously *encored*; and deservedly so. It has never been better sung.

#### NOTICE.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to forward their Subscriptions up to June to the Publisher.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**PUNCH**, in a fit of maudlin enthusiasm, or ill-managed satire, (it is difficult to tell which, without a peep behind the green baize, where the profligate old puppet finds his moving spring), raves about the beauty of the Swedish Nightingale's *jug-jug*, but wisely holds his tongue about the beauty of her *mug-mug*.

THE CHIEF FEATURE of a new penny periodical is "Pins and Needles"—a distressing symptom which usually accompanies a bad circulation. This is not surprising, when we find the following inserted among the jokes:—"The coming man—a waiter; a cutting article—a knife;"—to which might be added—a stupid periodical—THE PUPPET SHOW. If this be fun, then there's an end of dulness.

**MR. AGUILAR**, the pianist and composer, has arrived in London.

**HERR REDL** has been appointed Musical Director at Vauxhall-gardens.

**NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—We understand her Majesty and Prince Albert have consented to become patrons to the Norwich Festival. M. Benedict, who conducts, was in Norwich recently, attending to the choral practice of Elijah.

**MR. ALLEN** is engaged by Mr. Maddox to resume his duties as first tenor, during the engagement of Madame Anna Thillon.

**MR. W. CURTIS** has returned from Italy, where he has been studying the vocal art, under the most esteemed masters, for the last three years. We understand that Mr. Curtis has made considerable progress in style, and that his voice has much improved.

**MISS CATHERINE NOBLE** has returned to England, after a lengthened sojourn at Milan and other Italian towns.

**CHARLES HALLÉ**, who made such a hit at the Royal Italian Opera, yesterday, in Beethoven's E flat concerto, will play on Monday, at the Musical Union, of Mr. Ella.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (his greatest choral work), will be performed by this society, on Friday, the 19th instant, at Exeter-hall. The organ part adapted to the score by Mendelssohn, will be used on the occasion.

**WILSON'S SCOTTISH EVENINGS.**—Mr. Wilson resumes his weekly entertainments at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, having just returned from a tour through Scotland and the north of England, where, as usual, he has "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," by his interpretation of the songs and ballads of "his ain countrie." He has given his new entertainment on the songs of Sir Walter Scott with great *eclat* in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, York, Manchester, and other places, and many of the songs he has recently added to his store have proved great hits, particularly "Lord Ullin's daughter," "Love wakes and weeps," "Tell me how to woo thee," and Burns's noble patriotic song of "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" which has been received everywhere with the most enthusiastic loyalty. Mr. Jolley continues to give the most complete satisfaction by the manner in which he performs his task of accompanist to Mr. Wilson.

**MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN** are re-engaged by Mr. Webster of the Haymarket, and will make their appearance on Monday, the 22d, in the popular play of the *Wife's Secret*.

**HINT TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Now that the operatic corps is complete would it not be worthy of consideration to produce the *Matrimonio Segreto*, with Grisi, Pauline Garcia, Alboni, Mario, Ronconi, and Tamburini? What a glorious cast! Ronconi, we are satisfied, would be immense in Geronimo.

**MADAME TADOLINI**, the celebrated *cantatrice*, is announced to appear on Saturday next, at Her Majesty's theatre, in *Linda di Chamouni*, which was written expressly for her by Donizetti.

**MELODISTS.**—There was a very excellent meeting of the Melodists' Club, B. B. Cabbell, Esq., M. P., in the chair. The following extra verse to God save the Queen (written by Mr. Parry) was capitally sung by Sims Reeves, and loudly *encored*:—

Rally around the throne,  
And make the cause your own  
Of our fair Queen.  
Long may Victoria be  
Queen of the brave and free,  
Foes to base anarchy—  
God bless the Queen.

The same gentleman sang Beethoven's *Adelaida*, accompanied by Benedict, who also accompanied Molique in a Hungarian air, on the violin: and they also played the *andante*, with variations, from Beethoven's sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, in the best possible style. Mr. Richardson was *encored* in his variations on *Rule Britannia*, on the flute. Songs were sung by Signor Marras, Sims Reeves, Calkin, Blewett, Kench, &c., &c. The Secretary announced that the Duke of Cambridge would preside at the meeting in May, and award the prizes offered. M. Thalberg, too, had been invited on the occasion, as well as a host of vocalists.

**MUSIC A HAND-MAID OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.**—We have been pleased to find that the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, following the example of the Marylebone, the City of London, and other kindred institutes, is lending

its aid in promotion of musical art among its members. Mr. Templeton, gave one of his musical evenings in the theatre of the Institution, Leicester Square, to a delighted audience, which gave unmistakable proofs of its full appreciation of the intentions of the committee. It is gratifying to find that in the precincts of the more abstruse branches of philosophy, the ennobling and "heaven-born art" not lost sight off, and still more cheering it is to know that while affording a delightful source of recreation to their members, music may be made a means of pecuniary support to such available institutions.

MADAME SABATIER, the celebrated vocalist, known in Paris as the *fauvette des salons*, has arrived in London.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY EXETER HALL.

On FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 19th, will be performed HANDEL'S Oratorio "ISRAEL IN EGYPT." Principal vocal performers, Miss BIRCH, Miss STEWART, Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY, Mr. LEFFLER, and Mr. H. PHILLIPS. The band and chorus will consist of above 500 performers. Tickets 3s. each, Reserved Seats, 5s., may be obtained of the principal Musiceller; of Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross; Mr. RIES, 102, Strand; or at the office of the Society, 6, EXETER HALL. THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

### EXETER HALL.

Mr. HENRY WYLDE has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will be given in the Large Hall on MONDAY EVENING, the 5th of JUNE, when will be performed by the complete Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera-house, his new MS. Symphony in F major. No. 2, a Symphony in G minor, by CIPRIANI POTTER; the Overtures to Leonora and the Midsummer Night's Dream, &c. The names of the principal performers, including Madame ANNA THILLON and Mr. SIMS REEVES, together with other particulars, will be announced in a few days.

### MUSICAL UNION.—WILLIS'S ROOMS.

NOTICE.—The FOURTH MATINEE will take place on MONDAY the 15th inst. of TUESDAY the 16th. Programme, quartet in G, No. 81, Haydn.—Trio, B flat, piano, &c., Beethoven.—Quartet, E minor, No. 4, Mendelssohn.—E Secutants—Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Pianist, Herr Hallé, his first performance in this country. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at CAMER and Co. Members can introduce Visitors on paying at the door. Mr. JOHN ELLA, Director, 63, Welbeck-street.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI,**  
**PROFESSOR OF THE GUITAR AND CONCERTINA.**  
Begs to announce that he has returned to London, for the season.  
**32, New Bond-street.**

### WILSON'S Return to the MUSIC HALL, Store Street.

On MONDAY EVENING, MAY 15th, at 8 o'clock, Mr. WILSON will give a Selection of the most popular SONGS from his Entertainments:—YOUNG LOCHINVAR—LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS—TAK YER AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST—CALLER HERRING—THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT—GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR—HAME CAM' OUR GUDE MAN AT EEN—DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT? &c.

PIANOFORTE, . . . Mr. JOLLY.

JUST PUBLISHED,  
**Mr. SHORE'S ADMIRER GLEE.**  
"O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK A' MAUT" arranged as a Brilliant Rondo for the Pianoforte by R. Andrews, . . . 2 6  
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New Edition, "SHORES SACRED MUSIC," elegantly bound and lettered 2 6  
MANCHESTER Printed and Sold at R. R. Andrews, Harp and Pianoforte Bazaar, and may be had of all the Principal Music-sellers.

### NEW MUSIC.

"FIRE FLY POLKA," by Henry Goodban, 2s. 6d., "SOUVENIR DE VIENNE MAZURKA," by W. Vincent Wallace, 3s., "POLKA BRILLANT," by Lindsay Sloper, 2s., "LA PERSUASION," by R. Schachner, Op. 13, 2s. 6d.

### SONGS FROM DOMBEY AND SON.

Just Published, "POOR FLORENCE," "LITTLE PAUL," and "WALTER'S SONG," each 2s. The music by W. T. Wrighton. These justly admired ballads are daily increasing in popularity. "BEAUTIFUL NIGHT," new song. Music by S. Nelson, 2s. Sung with the greatest success by Miss Eliza Nelson.

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### CASE'S Instructions for the Concertina.

Comprising numerous Examples, &c., on all the various effects to be produced on the Instrument, with Selections from the best Authors, 10s. 6d. WARREN'S COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS for ditto second edition revised and WARREN'S Instructions for the NEWLY PATENT INVENTED DOUBLE CONCERTINA, 7s. 6d.

London, WHEATSTONE and Co., Patentees and Manufacturers of the Concertinas, 20, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

### Mr. and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN,

(Associate Hon. Mem. and Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.)

Beg to announce to their Pupils and Friends that their ANNUAL CONCERT is fixed to take place on TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 30th, 1848, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. To commence at Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, Stalls, and Tickets to be had of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seguin, at their Residence, No. 43, Curzon Street, May Fair, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

### PERSONAL GRACES.

The Countenance is rendered additionally pleasing by the well-arranged curl, the braided plait, or the flowing tress. In dressing the hair, nothing can equal the effect of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, on either natural or artificial hair rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautiful flowing curls, and, by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the head-dress truly enchanting. ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is a preparation of unparalleled efficiency in improving and beautifying the skin and complexion, preserving them from every vicissitude of the weather; and completely eradicating all Cutaneous Eruptions, Freckles, and Discolourations; and ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE, is alike invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effect on the teeth and gums.

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£13 10s. 8d.	£14 16s. 3d.	£15 10s. 10d.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.



**Mr. S. J. NOBLE,**

(Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.)

Has the honour to announce that the following talent will appear at his  
**GRAND EVENING CONCERT;**

At Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square,

ON MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1848.

Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, Miss Helen Taylor, Miss A. Williams, and Miss M. Williams. Mr. J. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. W. H. Seguin, Mr. T. H. Baylis, (Pupil of Signor Crivelli, at the Royal Academy of Music), Mr. Land, Mr. T. T. Peed, Mr. Gifford Forsyth, and Mr. John Parry. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. S. J. Noble; Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, (Harpist to her Majesty); Violin, Mr. Edward W. Thomas. On this occasion Mr. Noble will perform a Grand Concerto in F minor, by Adolphe Henselt, (first time of performance in this country,) a Fantasia on Airs from "Lucresia Borgia," by S. J. Noble, and a new Bravura Duet with Mr. W. H. Holmes—W. H. Holmes (first time of performance.) Two Madrigals will be sung by an efficient Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Lovell Phillips. Conductor, Mr. W. H. Holmes.

Tickets Seven Shillings each, to be had at the principal Music-sellers; Reserved Seats Half a Guinea, to be had of Mr. Noble only, 60, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

**FOR THE BASS VOICE.**

MR. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the **ART OF SINGING**, adapted with alterations and additions for the **BASS VOICE**, is now ready, and may be had of MR. CRIVELLI, at his residence, No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

**Pianofortes and Patent Harmonium.****GEORGE LUFF AND SON**

Solicit Purchasers, Professors, and Dealers to inspect their Improvements in the Tone, Touch, and style of their Pianofortes.

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Can now be had with Two New Stops and German Pedals. Price Lists and Prospectuses forwarded.

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**DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE**

is acknowledged as the best specific, after three year's trial, for improving the Voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, and all Persons subject to relaxed throats. See the following extract from "The Dramatic and Musical Review, Jan. 9, 1847.

"To CORRESPONDENTS.—AN AMATEUR VOCALIST.—Use Stolberg's Lozenges by all means; they will strengthen the voice, and remove hoarseness. We have recently, through a chemical friend, submitted them to analysis, and the result proves them to be a most efficacious remedy for affections of the throat generally.

Wholesale Agents, Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards, Newbery, and Sons, Saint Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, Dietrichsen and Hannah, Oxford Street; and Retail by all respectable Chemists in the Kingdom.

**The Greatest Sale of any Medicine in the Globe.****HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.****A Very Wonderful Cure of a Disordered Liver and Stomach.**

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Charles Wilson, 30, Princes Street, Glasgow, dated February 18th, 1847.

"Sir,—Having taken your Pills to remove a disease of the Stomach and Liver under which I had long suffered, and having followed your printed instructions I have regained that health, which I had thought lost for ever. I had previously had recourse to several medical men, who are celebrated for their skill, but instead of curing my complaint, it increased to a most alarming degree. Humanly speaking, your Pills have saved my life! Many tried to dissuade me from using them, and I doubt not but that hundreds are deterred from taking your most excellent medicine, in consequence of the impositions practised by many worthless persons; but what a pity it is that the deception used by others, should be the means of preventing many unhappy persons, under disease, from regaining health, by the use of your Pills. When I commenced the use of your Pills, I was in a most wretched condition, and to my great delight, in a few days afterwards, there was a considerable change for the better, and by continuing to use them for some weeks, I have been perfectly restored to health, to the surprise of all who have witnessed the state to which I had been reduced by the disordered state of the Liver and Stomach; would to God, that every poor sufferer would avail himself of the same astonishing remedy."

"To Professor Holloway." (Signed, "CHARLES WILSON.") These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 24, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the civilized World, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

Now Published, Price 3s. 6d.,

**THE PIANISTS' DESIDERATA.**

A Series of One Hundred Progressive Exercises, arranged uniformly for both hands on a *novel plan*, by which the Thumb and Fingers of the *left hand* will be made as tractable as those of the *right*, so that a complete mastery of the Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, together with all the Shakes, may be accomplished in a comparatively short time, thereby greatly facilitating the progress of Pupils, and effect a saving of much time and labour to both master and scholar; they will therefore be found a valuable auxiliary to all other Elementary works extant, as they may be given to the Tyro at any stage of learning, with a certainty of a correct position of holding the hands being permanently secured; and to those somewhat advanced, who may have contracted *bad habits*, or find a difficulty in executing rapid passages, they are strongly recommended as unfailing correctives.

Inscribed with all due deference to the Musical Profession, by

**EDWARD FROST.**

OXFORD, Published at the Author's Musical Repository, 78, High Street.—LONDON, R. Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street; Lee and Coxhead, 48, Albemarle Street; Coventry, 71, Dean Street, Soho; R. Addison and Co., 210, Regent Street; Metzler and Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street; and Z. T. Purday, 48, High Holborn.

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**STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.****ROSSINI'S BARBIERE.**

No. 12, of the Standard Lyric Drama, containing 60 pages in 4to. of Rossini's immortal *Barbiere*, will appear on the 1st of June, price 2s. 6d. Each Opera in the above series is given entire, with accompaniment of piano, including the unaccompanied Recitatives, and every word of the original text, with an English translation; the later with a Biography of each Author being given separately. In addition to the above, the Instrumentation and Stage Directions are also added, enabling its possessor to follow every note and word of each Opera, either in Italian or English, from beginning to end. These advantages, not to be met with, even in the most expensive Foreign Copies, besides its extreme cheapness, clearness and portability, renders the above series superior to all others. MOZART's *Figaro* is now complete, with Life of the Author, price 16s. in boards. BELLINI's *Norma*, is also complete, with Life of the Author, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

T. BOOSEY and Co., 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**

The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the FIFTH CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY EVENING, MAY 15th. Programme, Sinfonia, in B flat. No. 4, Haydn.—Romanza, Signor MARIO, Mercadante.—Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Mr. W. S. BENNETT, Mozart.—Scena, "Ah perfido," Madame CASTELLAN, Beethoven.—Overture, MS. Titania, J. H. GRIESBACH.—Sinfonia No 8, Beethoven.—Aria, "Come scoglio," Madame CASTELLAN, Mozart.—Duo, "Un tenero core," Madame CASTELLAN and Signor MARIO, Donizetti.—Overture, "Zauberflöte," Mozart.

Conductor, Mr. Costa. Single Ticket, £1 1s., Double Ticket, £1 10s., Triple Ticket, £2 5s., to be obtained of Messrs. ADDISON, 210, Regent-street.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that a

### GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

WILL TAKE PLACE

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY the 18th, 1848,

On which occasion

## MADLE. JENNY LIND

Will appear in one of her Favourite Characters.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the **BALLET DEPARTMENT**, combining the talents of Mlle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIANI, and Mlle. CERITO, M. PERROT, and M. St. LEON.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

†† Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.



## MADLE. JENNY LIND.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that

## MADLE. JENNY LIND

Will have the honor to appear

On TUESDAY NEXT, MAY 16th, 1848,

As "AMINA" in BELLINI's celebrated Opera of

## LA SONNAMBULA.

AND

On THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 18th, 1848,

In another of her Favorite Characters.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

†† Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each, where Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets are to be made.



## MADAME TADOLINI.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that

## MADAME TADOLINI

Will make her first appearance in this Country

On SATURDAY NEXT, MAY 20th, 1848,

in DONIZETTI's Opera of

## LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.



## GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

FRIDAY, MAY 26th.

On FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 26th, a Grand Evening Concert will be given, supported by the whole of the Eminent Artists of this Establishment.

Full particulars will be duly announced.  
Prices of Admission—Boxes, £4 4s.; £3 3s.; £2 2s.; £1 11s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.; Pit, 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes may be secured on application at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

For the future the Box Office will remain open till half-past Five o'clock on the nights of the Opera.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

### COVENT GARDEN.

Last Night of La Donna del Lago,

TUESDAY NEXT.

THE Directors beg respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that ROSSINI's Opera

## LA DONNA DEL LAGO,

will be performed, for the LAST TIME this Season, on TUESDAY NEXT, May 16th, the various Operas in course of production preventing its repetition.

Elena .. ..	Made. GRISI!
Malcolm .. ..	Madlle. ALBONI.
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Serano .. ..	Signor LAVIA.

The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the Gathering of the Clans, will be executed by Two Military Bands, in addition to the usual Orchestra.

The Music of the Chief Bards being performed by Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Soldi, Signor Luigi Mei, Signor Corradi Setti, and Signor Rovere. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, MR. COSTA.

After which will be produced an entirely New BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT entitled

### NIRENE; OU, LES SENS.

The principal characters by Madlle. Brussi, Madlle. Honore, Madlle. O'Bryan, Madlle. Langher, Madlle. Celeste Stephan, and Madlle. Melina Marnet, M. Paine, M. O'Bryan, and M. Contier.—The Ballet arranged by M. Oppiani.—The Music by Signor Biletta.—Leader of the Ballet, M. A. Mellon.—Regisseur de la Danse, Mr. O'Bryan.—The Appointments by Mr. Blamire.—The Costumes by Madame Marzio and Mrs. E. Bailey; and the Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT,

THURSDAY NEXT.

Lucrezia Borgia, and La Sonnambula.

A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will be given on THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 18th, on which occasion will be performed, for the first time this season, DONIZETTI's Opera of

## LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Lucrezia Borgia ..	Made. GRISI.
Maffio Orsini ..	Mde. ALBONI.
Don Alfonso ..	Signor TAMBURINI.
Don Apostolo Gazella	Signor MARINI.
Rustighello ..	Signor LAVIA.
Ascanio Petrucci ..	Signor POLONINI.
Gubetta ..	Signor TAGLIAFICO.

AND

Gennaro .. .. Signor MARIO.

After which will be given, the LAST SCENE of

## LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina, ..... Madame VIARDOT GARCIA.

To conclude with, for the second time, the new Ballet Divertissement, entitled

NIRENE; OU, LES SENS.

### LA FAVORITA.—Saturday next.

On SATURDAY next, May 26th, will be produced, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, DONIZETTI's OPERA,

## LA FAVORITA.

Admission to the Pit, 8s.; to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; to the Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.—The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 69, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at Booksellers.—Saturday, May 13th, 1848.